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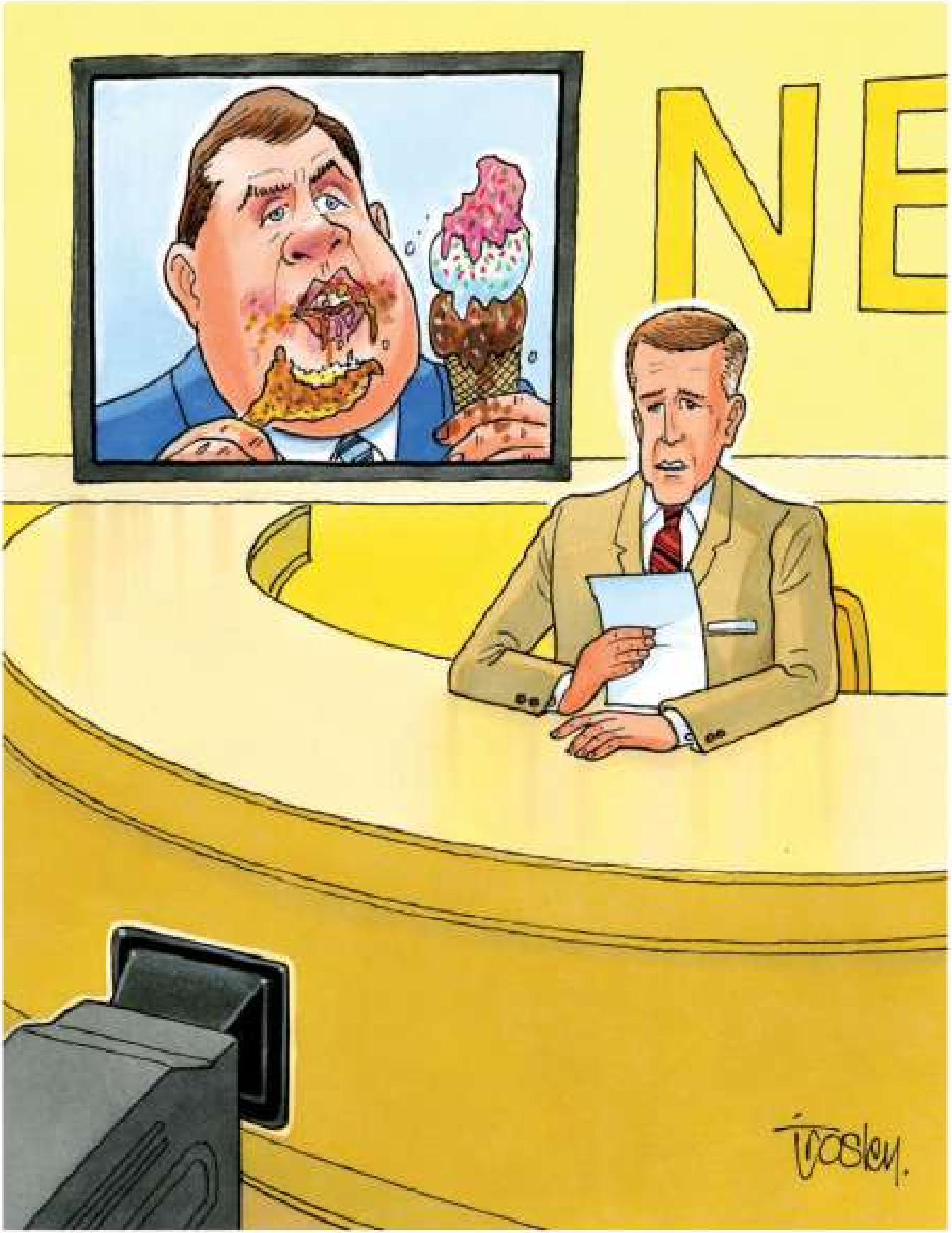

"In a predictable move today, the Food and Drug Administration has banned Governor Chris Christie..."

APRIL 2015
Volume 41 Number 11
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

HUSTLER

CONTENTS

20 **AVA DALUSH**
Blindfold Me
Photography by Digital Desire

38 **ALYSSA BRANCH**
Fresh Cream
Photography by Larry Flynt Productions

50 **SARAH HUNTER**
Caught in the Act
Photography by Victor Lightworship

60 **RYAN RYANS**
Home Run
Photography by Digital Desire

90 **ADRIANNA LUNA**
Hungry for More
Photography by Larry Flynt Productions

130 **GISSELLE & MARK ANTHONY**
Swollen Members Only
Classic Photography by Suze Randall

30 **LOUNGE LIZARD EXTRAORDINAIRE: TONY CLIFTON & THE SECOND COMING OF ANDY KAUFMAN**
Clifton doesn't give a shit whether or not you believe he exists. Andy Kaufman's alter ego rolls up his tuxedo sleeves to talk professional pussy, how he fooled Letterman (three times) and the importance of "sheeny bastard" lawyers. Interview by Keith Valcourt. Photography courtesy Dave Kapp.

74 **STRIP CLUB TIPS**
Our reporter sacrifices his lap to learn the Clubmandments every man should know before hitting the titty bar. Learn the secret to a sensational lap dance and how to get the most bang for your buck. Article by M. Allen Nathan. Photography by Wilfred Guenthoer.

108 **THE BABY-SITTERS' CLUB**
Going for an all-out win, baby-fat just-legal baby-sitters play dirty in a stiff daddy competition. Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video.

7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
9 ROBERT SCHEER
10 PETER MATHEWS
13 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
14 SICK & SILLY SEX PRANKS
16 BITS & PIECES
18 FEEDBACK
72 HUSTLER HUMOR
82 HARDCORE SHOWCASE
98 BEAVER HUNT
136 COMING SOON

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SIGNS OF COMMON SENSE

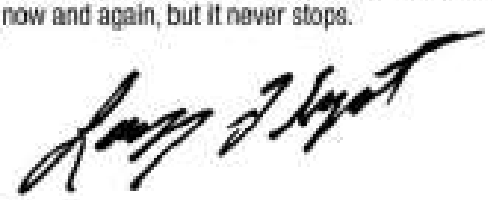
Even though the last midterm elections were a disaster for America, several approved ballot measures suggest that common sense is still alive and kicking. I'm convinced the current swing to the right is mostly a problem of low turnout and too much corporate cash. It doesn't reflect the real mood of the country.

Take, for instance, the fact that voters in the red states of Alaska, Nebraska, South Dakota and Arkansas approved minimum-wage hikes—even though their Republican Congressmen have been blocking such a law. Voters in Massachusetts, meanwhile, approved one of the country's most progressive sick leave measures.

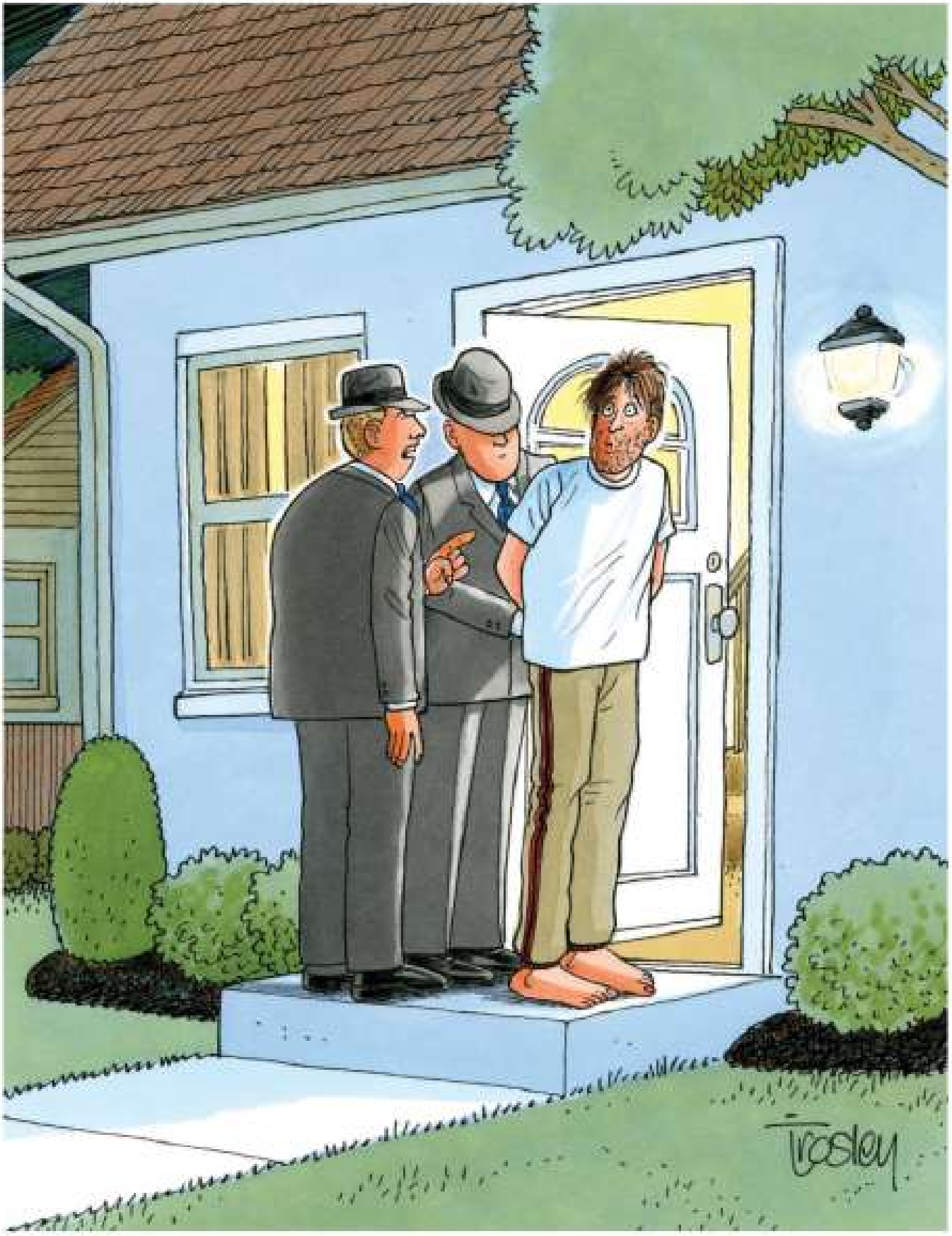
In Colorado and North Dakota, radical personhood amendments defining fertilized eggs as humans with rights failed, shocking the backers who thought the amendments were blessed by God. In Washington state, meanwhile, voters ignored the NRA and passed background checks for gun buyers.

Oregon, Alaska and the District of Columbia—home of our nation's capital—joined the fast-growing list of states that have decriminalized the use of marijuana. It's a signal that the message is getting through: The war on drugs is a failed policy, and it is ludicrous and cruel to lock people up and ruin their lives just for smoking weed.

No, not all ballot initiatives that passed were good ones. But the fact that citizens in red states are tuning out the barrage of right-wing propaganda and passing measures in the true common interest can't be ignored. Progress takes a shellacking now and again, but it never stops.



Larry Flynt
Publisher



"Your government has evidence that your dreams are lewd, grossly obscene and violate all community standards. You have the right to remain silent..."

AFFORDABLE OR DEPLORABLE?

INSURANCE GIANTS SMILE AS OBAMACARE MANDATES THE PURCHASE OF HEALTHCARE POLICIES.

The Republican Party regained control of the U.S. Senate, but the Affordable Care Act—aka Obamacare—is here to stay. That's because the GOP always dances to the tune played by big money. President Obama's healthcare reform has turned out to be a great source of profit for the insurance companies.

Soon after the 2014 midterm elections *The New York Times* ran a story headlined "Health Care Law Recasts Insurers as Obama Allies." Take that, Ted Cruz. The Republican senator from Texas has persistently threatened to end Obamacare because he thinks it's bad for business. Clearly he needs to read the *Times* report, which cited Michael F. Cannon, director of health policy studies at the Cato Institute: "Insurers and the government have developed a symbiotic relationship, nurtured by tens of billions of dollars that flow from the federal Treasury to insurers each year."

So much money is up for grabs that, as *Times* correspondent Robert Pear noted, "insurers may soon be on a collision course with the Republican majority in the new Congress. Insurers, often aligned with Republicans in the past, have built their business plans around the law [the Affordable Care Act] and will strenuously resist Republican efforts to dismantle it. Since Mr. Obama signed the law, share prices for four of the major insurance companies—Aetna, Cigna, Humana and UnitedHealth [Group]—have more than doubled."

The rhetorical tension between Obama and the prominent insurance companies has been a smokescreen hiding their cozy relationship ever since our President abandoned the so-called public option. That proposal of the Democratic Party's liberal wing would have set the United States on a path to follow just about every other industrialized nation: The government assumes responsibility to ensure the provision of needed healthcare to the citizenry as a human right rather than a source of profit.

Insurers were thrilled with the turn of fortune once Obama caved in on the public option, which could have been implemented by gradually extending Medicare coverage to younger age groups. (That federal program pays for hospital and medical care for elderly and disabled Americans.) Instead, Obamacare guaranteed private insurance companies a nationwide base of potential customers required by law to purchase healthcare plans.

Consider just one of this country's biggest insurers. As *Forbes* recently summarized in a headline, "Obamacare Brings WellPoint Even Bigger Profits Than Expected." The good news is that WellPoint is serving the needs of poorer Americans who qualify for Medicaid, which the federal government primarily underwrites.

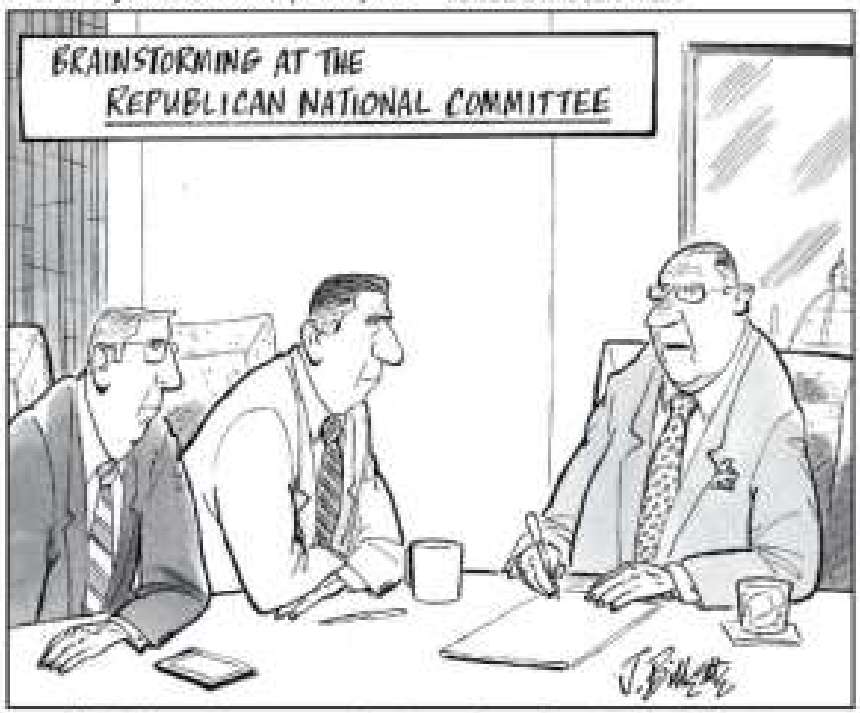
This subsidizing makes it too good a deal to refuse even for some red states, such as Kentucky, that have benefited significantly from the program. Those GOP governors who continue to resist expanding Medicaid will ultimately be viewed as turning away a heap of money that could do more than vastly improve and safeguard the lives of their citizens. Those federal dollars can do double duty by enriching insurers and others in the private healthcare sphere, whose lobbyists know how to punish politicians who get in the way of their clients' profits.

The problem with Obamacare is not in providing services to those who qualify for Medicaid or Medicare. Both programs are obviously cost-effective and humane. Untended diseases pose the risk of spreading, and preventive care is cheaper than using emergency rooms as public clinics. Rather, the problem is holding down the costs to the rest of the population that isn't eligible for Medicaid or Medicare.

The real challenge going forward is preventing insurers from ripping off prospective buyers in an unregulated market. It's very tempting now that so many Americans are mandated under penalty of law to purchase healthcare insurance without any serious government restraint on the cost of coverage.

But don't expect the Republicans who now control Congress to amend Obamacare to hold down prices for those of us obligated to buy healthcare insurance. That expense will inevitably increase as the almighty insurance companies continue to stick us, like the Mafia, with offers we can't refuse. H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stickup: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*



"It's clear that we won't win another Presidential election unless we can appeal to women, the elderly, students, blacks, Latinos, gays, the middle class and the poor. So the question is: How do we effectively *lie* to all these people?!"

DOLLAR DEMOCRACY

POLITICIANS ARE BANKROLLED BY MEGABUCK DONORS EXPECTING TO BE REPAID WITH LUCRATIVE FAVORS. BUT THERE IS A WAY TO ENSURE THAT MOST AMERICANS WILL NO LONGER GET THE SHAFT.

The naked truth has been exposed, and it's not a pretty picture! American Democracy has become Dollar Democracy. Many elected officials are bought by campaign contributions from superrich individuals and big corporations. During the 2012 election season, Presidential and Congressional candidates and their supporters raised and spent over $6.2 billion. The bulk came from the wealthiest one-half of 1% of the U.S. population. As Will Rogers quipped, "America has the best politicians money can buy."

Superrich individuals and lobbyists hired by corporations can walk into the offices of lawmakers to whom they donated and ask for favors, such as championing huge tax cuts, tax loopholes, subsidies and deregulation. As a result, our politicians often give their benefactors what they want and deny America's middle class and poor an equal opportunity to have their needs met: universal healthcare, more high-paying jobs, funding for small business growth to stimulate economic recovery, research and development of new technologies, world-class public schools, after-school programs and affordable college tuition.

Bought lawmakers have created corporate tax loopholes at the state and federal levels, such as the stock-option tax loophole, offshoring tax loophole and oil-severance tax loophole. These have been used by Facebook, Apple and Chevron, among others, to legally avoid millions and billions in taxes while receiving hundreds of millions of dollars in corporate "welfare" from the government. Bought lawmakers have also cut taxes overwhelmingly for the super wealthy, many of whom are their foremost campaign donors.

"I don't understand why this country is always fretting about unemployment figures. I'm very happy, and I've never had a job in my life!"

In my new book *Dollar Democracy: With Liberty and Justice for Some; How to Reclaim the American Dream for All*, you'll find out how millions of typical Americans were victimized by Dollar Democracy through no fault of their own. While the superrich and corporations got the gold mine, the majority of Americans got the shaft. Because most politicians have sided with their wealthy donors, the rich are getting richer, the poor are getting poorer, and the middle class is disappearing. Here are some of the outrageous manifestations of Dollar Democracy:

- Our country's 400 richest people (or families) have the same aggregate net worth as 150 million ordinary Americans—half the population!
- The ratio of the average CEO's salary to the average worker's salary is 331 to 1, up from 40 to 1 in 1980.
- The top 1% captured 93% of the new income generated since 2009—the technical "end" of the Great Recession.
- College graduates have outstanding student loans totaling $1.2 trillion, an average of $26,000 per student-borrower.
- A CNN/ORC International poll indicates that 59% of adults think the American Dream has become impossible for most to achieve.
- If the current trends continue, this generation will be the first in modern U.S. history to do worse financially than their parents.

No surprise here. Most Americans believe that the superrich and powerful corporations have bought access to elected officials of both major parties. Here's how unscrupulous our politicians have become. These hired guns are:

- selling out the American Dream by outsourcing high-paying middle-class jobs through free trade, not fair trade;
- dismantling public schools, colleges and universities to the detriment of middle-class and poor Americans (the 99%);
- blocking healthcare for all Americans;
- destroying our environment for immediate profits;
- endangering our food and drinking water by allowing agribusiness corporations to use harmful pesticides and to market food containing unhealthy, poorly tested genetically modified organisms (GMOs);
- giving Wall Street the gold mine and Main Street the shaft.

According to *Rolling Stone* reporter Matt Taibbi, through planned deception, 99% of

the $767-billion bailout provided full recovery and prosperity for Wall Street investment banks and financial institutions; only 1% of the bailout funds went to struggling homeowners.

Lawmakers are favoring their fat-cat donors over Americans enduring severe hardships. Here are some noteworthy examples:

Briana Lane, a 22-year-old from Utah, loses control of her car on an icy road and is thrown through the windshield. To treat the accident victim's brain swelling and bleeding, doctors remove the left side of her skull. This is shocking enough. Worse still, the uninsured waitress is sent home—with her scalp sown over the gaping hole in her head—because the hospital and Medicaid cannot agree on who should pay the bill! After a painful and horrifying four-month wait, Lane finally undergoes surgery to reattach the missing piece of bone, which had been stored in a hospital freezer during the impasse.

Manny Arroyo, a 62-year-old Nevada resident and decades-long employee of a large corporation, thinks he has "full" healthcare coverage—until his wife succumbs to brain cancer and he's stuck with approximately $10,000 in "copayments." This debt is a heavy enough burden for the grieving widower. Even more heartbreaking for Arroyo is his belief that if the couple's healthcare providers hadn't delayed specialized diagnosis and treatment, his wife's cancer may have been detected and properly dealt with before it killed her.

Because of Dollar Democracy, Obamacare—while a small step in the right direction—will not adequately address the needs of people like Briana Lane and Manny Arroyo even when fully implemented. A single-payer, Medicare-for-all program like Canada's universal healthcare system would have covered them across the board with no individual charges.

Rob McGann—a Boeing purchasing agent from Pensacola, Florida, with a master's degree in business administration—is laid off and finds part-time work at a Publix supermarket. McGann is looking for higher-paying professional work, but potential employers say he is overqualified. Meanwhile, the drastic drop in income has left him sliding precariously out of the American middle class. "It's tough," McGann says about his plight. "It still is. It's something I think about not only all day and every day, but all the time."

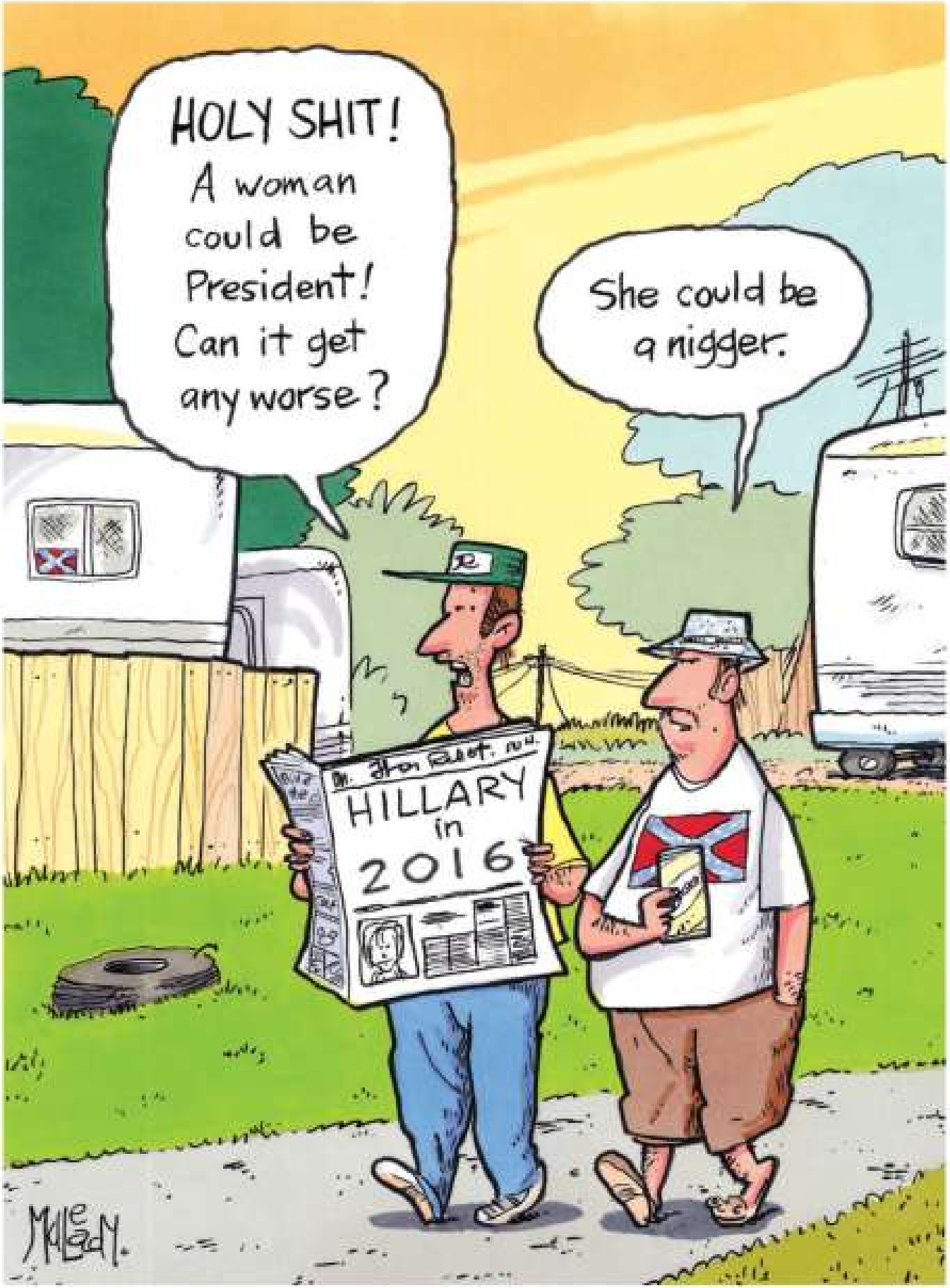
California resident Sherry Hernandez's new bank refuses to honor the temporary loan modification granted by her previous bank, then forecloses on the home she and her husband own. Hernandez has won a stay of eviction while the foreclosure is being appealed.

WE CAN'T FIND MONEY FOR EDUCATION.
WE CAN'T EXTEND UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFITS.
WE CAN'T FIND FUNDS FOR INFRASTRUCTURE.
WE CAN'T PASS AN IMMIGRATION BILL.
WE CAN'T PASS A MINIMUM WAGE BILL.
BUT, BOY, WE SURE AS HELL CAN SUE THE PANTS OFF BARACK OBAMA!
WINNER

The above horror stories could have been avoided if America's politicians did not rely on privately financing their campaigns with donations from powerhouse corporations and filthy-rich individuals. (To find out who is bankrolling members of Congress and other elected officials, visit OpenSecrets.org.)

America must reject this Dollar Democracy and replace it with Real Democracy based on clean-money, publicly financed elections as practiced in Maine, Arizona and a few other states. Our elected representatives will then be free to act on behalf of the public interest and to promote the "general Welfare" as mandated in the preamble to the Constitution. Answering to the voters, not deep-pocket benefactors with their own self-serving interests, our lawmakers can work together to negotiate fair trade, create more high-paying jobs and rebuild the middle class. But that's not all, of course. They should also implement a universal healthcare system that covers every American and establish a tuition-free public education system from preschool through high school, vocational school, college and university.

Peter Mathews, a professor of political science at Cypress College in Southern California, has served as an analyst and commentator on numerous radio and television shows. He is also a contributing columnist for the *Long Beach Register* and online *Orange County Register*. In 1998 he lost a closely contested race as his district's Democratic nominee for the U.S. House of Representatives. His book *Dollar Democracy: With Liberty and Justice for Some; How to Reclaim the American Dream for All* can be purchased at the author's website (**ePeterMathews.com**), Amazon.com, Barnes & Noble and independent bookstores.


HOLY SHIT! A woman could be President! Can it get any worse?
She could be a nigger.
HILLARY in 2016

MIA LOVE

If you want to make people think you're not racist, sexist or anti-immigrant, jump into bed with a black, first-generation piece of ass. That's what the Republican Party did. Of course, the fact that you're banging a black chick will gradually wear off, and eventually you'll have to stop talking and acting like a sexist, racist prick too. That's going to be the tough part for the party of Angry Old White Men. But right now they're just happy to have a good screamer in the sack.

This Tea Party panderer with the porn-star name has been on our Asshole shortlist since well before she got tapped by a slim majority of in-bred Utah voters who hate the U.S. government to represent their hatred in—you guessed it—the U.S. government! What could be better than a black Sarah Palin in a white-bread conservative stronghold who is willing to take potshots at the black President?

For the idiot mainstream press, the big story, of course, is that she's the first black female Republican in Congress and the first black Congresswoman from Utah (even though she's really from New York), as well as the first Haitian-American elected to Congress. As far as we're concerned, none of that Guinness World Records crapola means a goddamn thing compared to her actual politics.

Ironically, Asshole Love got into politics because she was pissed off about all the flies buzzing around in her adopted home of Saratoga Springs, Utah. Rather than cut back on the stream of steaming bullshit she was spewing, the opportunist named herself community spokesperson and pestered a local developer to spray some random toxic chemical to kill the bugs, specifically flies called "midges." Love's boosters are fond of using the "War of the Midges" as an example of headstrong, grassroots initiative. To us it looks like the perfect launch for a career full of crap and toxic emissions.

Midge-mongering Mia has full-throatedly adopted the Republican strategy—honed by the likes of Coulter, Palin and Bachmann—of packing as many talking-point farts into as few words as possible. She recently said Obama's intention to bypass GOP obstruction of immigrant amnesty by resorting to executive order, sounds "more like a dictatorship" than a democracy. Consider the fact that she is where she is thanks to immigrant amnesty and generally progressive policies. In the words of her own dad, Jean Bourdeau, "Mia is a citizen born in this country and at that time the country was favorable for children. It was very easy to do things legally by immigration way."

Well, guess what, Dad. Your daughter—who voted for George W. Bush before you voted for Barack Obama—is now spitting in your face, pissing on the policies that allowed you to seek a better life for her in America and opting instead to align herself with Tea Partiers who stand at the border and yell at children to go back where they came from. Poor old Jean probably isn't surprised. Mia had already turned her back on her East Coast upbringing, moving to Utah and joining the Mormon cult. The new digs turned out to be fertile ground for her opportunism. She married a horny Mormon missionary, declared war on midges and quickly rose to mayor of the crimson-red burg of Saratoga Springs.

Love's race may not matter to us, but it sure as fuck matters to her. Just like her Haitian parents knew Mia was their ticket to naturalization, she knows that her skin color is her Republican pass. She's made it loud and clear that she's only too happy to go after her own. During her first failed bid for a Congressional seat, she swore to "join the Congressional Black Caucus and try to take that thing apart from the inside out." Why? Because it's comprised of blacks who are Democrats.

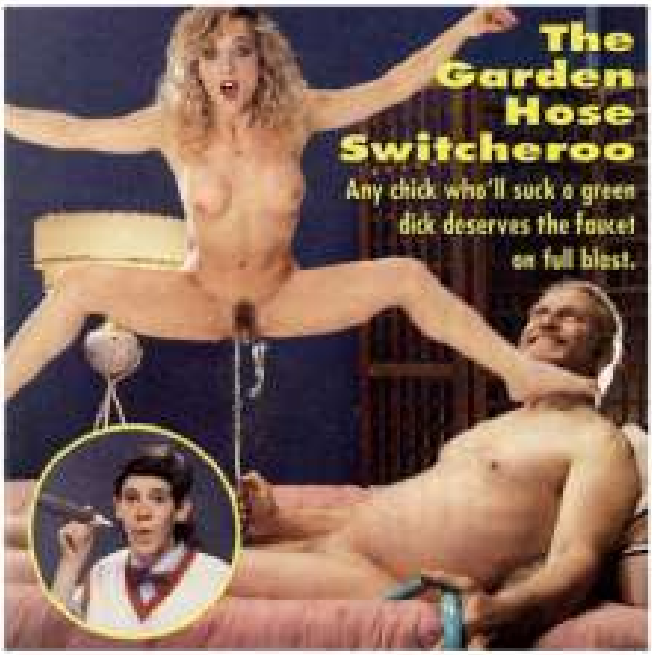
Love also pledged to go on a state's-rights rampage against anything federal, including student loan programs (which, of course, helped her get where she is) and mount yet another futile offensive against Obamacare. If minority Americans desperately need it, Mia Love thinks it's a shameful "handout."

"President Obama's version of America is a divided one," she has said, "pitting us against each other based on our income level, gender and social status." Indeed, people have often pondered how we can transcend our country's divides. Now we have the answer, and it's an old and pathetic one: by trumping up a common enemy, in this case the federal government. The ascension of Mia Love proves just how powerful the ideology of contempt can be.

We predict that what will matter to Mia Love most won't be the day-to-day grind of political wrangling; it'll be TV screen time. Love's first love is theater, and that's how she approaches politics: as a gaudy spectacle. Her big break, according to legend, was playing "the oldest woman alive" in the musical *Barnum*. By all accounts, especially from her fellow actors back in the day, Mia's a notorious attention whore who made sure she upstaged everyone else at all costs. Obviously, not much has changed. Thanks to her regressive and decrepit worldview, 39-year-old Mia Love is still playing the oldest woman alive in the P.T. Barnum freak show known as the Republican Party. H

SICK AND SILLY SEX PRANKS

THE BEDROOM CAN BE FULL OF LAUGHS WITH THE MERRY PRANKSTER BETWEEN THE SHEETS.



"A word to the wise ain't necessary—it's the stupid ones that need the advice." —BILL COSBY, ALLEGED COMEDIAN

CLASSIC GAGS FROM NOVEMBER '91

"A joke is a very serious thing." —WINSTON CHURCHILL, BRITISH PRIME MINISTER

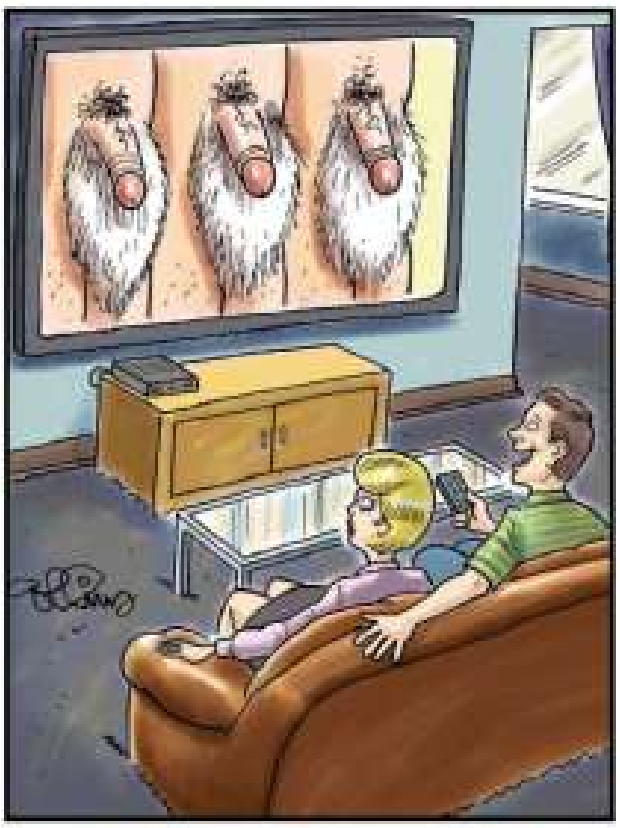
WHAT WOULD NICKI MINAJ LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

With that legendary ass holding her steady as she goes, this superstar can easily open wide without fear of toppling. Her obsession with pink makes her a natural HUSTLER celebrity. **Nicki**'s fans call her Earth's best rapper, but it's likely this boytoy's mouth has talent to go around. Presumably, someone who sings songs about loving big dicks knows just what to do with them. **Minaj**—isn't that French for eat or swallow?

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Nicki Minaj actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

"I want people—especially young girls—to know that in life, nothing is going to be based on sex appeal." —NICKI MINAJ, SINGER-SONGWRITER

Social science junkies Asa and Marjorie pose naked in a field just off the freeway to see how many accidents ensue. Fifty-three. Thanks to J.P. of Strathmore, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's *Porn From the Past*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"It's a new show on the HUSTLER Channel called *Dick Dynasty*."

"Fever, sweating, nausea... Have you been to Liberia or had sex with Ann Coulter in the past 21 days?"

Sunny Daze

Cassidy Banks [*Plunge In*, January '15] has the most perfect, natural, juicy-looking tits! I just want to motorboat, suck and squeeze the hell out of them! And her eyes are mesmerizing! You guys have really outdone yourselves with this one! It makes up for the not-so-impressive photos of Natalie Storm [*Tempestuous*]. I love Asian girls, and she's okay (she's no Marica Hase), but what the hell is up with all the zoomed-out shots of her? I want to see close-ups of her pink pussy, not a wide-shot of the trees and other bullshit around her! Not a fan of this attempt at being "artsy." I can't jack off to it! Your Tegan Summers layout [*Slippery*] was pretty hot too though, so one blip in this issue won't deter me. And goddamn, Sunny Leone [*Luxury Cause*]! Some stars are diamonds in the rough, and Ms. Leone sure is one of them! Every time I get a new issue of HUSTLER in the mail, my cock angles with excitement!

Thanks, HUSTLER!

—Harrison P.
San Francisco, California

Never Give Up

I heard the unfortunate news about Larry's daughter Lisa, and I offer him my sincere condolences. Since we're both liberals, there's more to feel down about after the election results. Nevertheless, Larry has inspired many people never to give up the fight and to keep standing up for what one believes in, so I don't plan on backing down either. Assholes may seemingly run the world for the most part, but even though everyone has an asshole doesn't mean they have to be one all the goddamn time. Every family has known tragedy, and your life has known it too. Somehow people like us keep falling into a bucket of shit but come out smelling like a rose. I hope HUSTLER continues on in whatever form it can down through the ages, even if a lot of things seem to be leading to people just mainly jerking off to the Internet.

—Lee Paxton
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania

Yum Yum

Lately I have mused over the beauty of a couple of your models. I am getting the feeling that after a time these comments have become a little trite. I'm okay with that. I will try to refrain. Let me just say a little something about the new December '14 issue of HUSTLER. Upon seeing the cover on newsstands, I did not have to wait to exhale. Within that exhale were the words, "Holy Mother of God!" Staci "hootenanny yum yum" Carr [*Easy to Please*].

—Jon Root
Kirkland, Washington

Mad Props

I'm going to go out on a limb here. I am currently incarcerated, serving eight years. My girlfriend decided that she couldn't handle this anymore, so she left me when I have only two years left. The reason why I'm telling you this is because for a while I was down, and to get through this, I kept my mind occupied with pussy books (*Playboy*, *Foxx*, *Buttman*, etc.) that another inmate let me borrow. I met this one guy who was being released soon, and before he left, he gave me nine HUSTLER books to have for myself. To be honest, this is the best book I have ever laid my eyes on!!! Not only are the women the most beautiful I've ever seen, but all the reading material definitely keeps my interest. I really don't have any money since I'm doing this time by myself, and since I have nothing to lose, it would be great charity to bless a man with a free subscription for your magazine. If not, then oh well, I still give you mad props for having the best magazine out there.

—Derek Gaines
Malone, New York

Cassidy Banks cogitates in the January '15 issue.

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of wild letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Everybody still having sex yet. Of all mankinds. No matter who they are, that is the way it is. Makes people happy. To enjoy having sex. Even my son's doing it. I have been around more than a couple of ladies. Every lady like a man can do it. Be a man. Still there's lots of women out there looking for a good man. Money or not. There always be one. Everything of life. Made of male and female. Livestock also. Also in wildlife. Buck and a doe. Rooster and hens. Makes eggs. I had a carload of ladies more than once. Only guy inside a carful of ladies. One get in and sat on my lap. So far have few girlfriends, then got married twice, then more girlfriends again. Still watching those videos, looking and reading magazines. Check out those nuns more often. I did.

—Gary L. Gage
Wenatchee, Washington

Crazy Straight

HUSTLER is a porno mag for guys to look at pussy and tits. So what's with all the fag crap? You really think straight men who just wanna look at pussy give a fuck about homo marriage? You guys are great at showing us some sexy ladies, but you sure aren't very bright. Is there anyone that works there that has the brains to think that maybe if you cut out the crazy liberal bullshit and gay faggot stuff, you might get more subscribers? People buy HUSTLER for pussy and don't give a fuck about your loony political bullshit. Stick to the pussy, and if people want dopey liberal BS, they can watch MSNBC.

—Brad Trojner
Mankato, Minnesota

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLERMAIL@com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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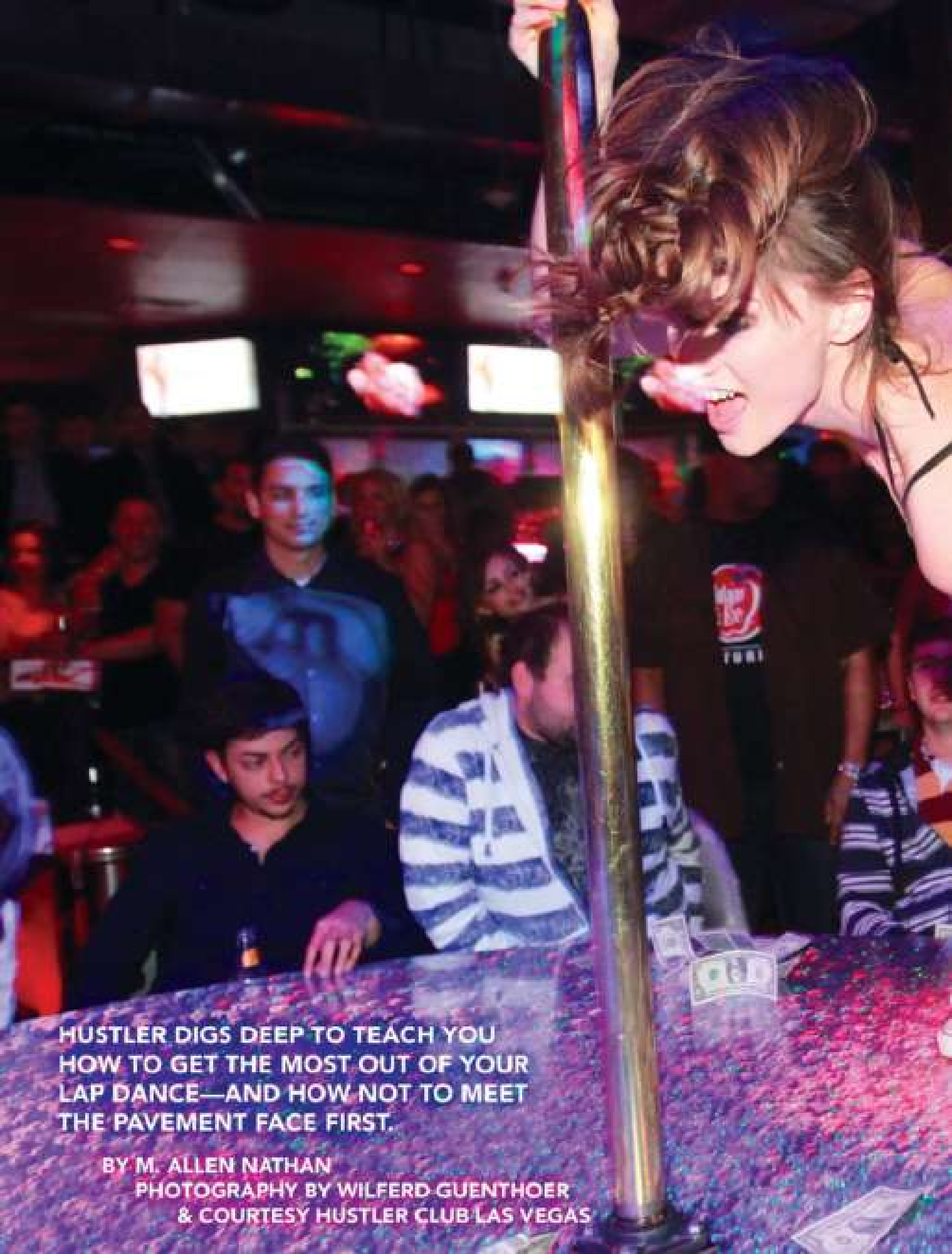
AVA
DALUSH
BLINDFOLD ME
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

I have a strong mind, so I know what I want. My passion is exploring sex. Favorite memory? My first ever threeway. It was while I was surfing in Cornwall, and it was like a dream. My fantasy right now is to be blindfolded and forced to suck cocks I can't see. This is a huge turn-on because I won't ever know whose cock I'm sucking or what that cock looks like. Just the taste and the feel."

AVA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Nottinghamshire, England**
AGE: **25** | HEIGHT: **5-0** | MEASUREMENTS: **32C-22-35**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy!** | TWITTER: **@AvaDalush**



HUSTLER DIGS DEEP TO TEACH YOU HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR LAP DANCE—AND HOW NOT TO MEET THE PAVEMENT FACE FIRST.

BY M. ALLEN NATHAN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILFERD GUENTHOER & COURTESY HUSTLER CLUB LAS VEGAS

STRIP CLUB
tips

On the night of May 9th, 2013, in a tourist district of Mexico City known for roving mariachi and seedy strip joints, Malcolm Shabazz, the grandson of legendary civil rights activist Malcolm X, was beaten to death in the street by two waiters in a dispute over a $1,200 bar tab.

Malcolm and a buddy had spent the evening being hustled for drinks and lap dances at a local titty bar. When the bill for the evening's festivities was presented, the management demanded that they either pay up or get their asses kicked—and then pay up anyway. Malcolm opted to fight, and died several hours later in a local hospital.

It was a totally, one hundred percent avoidable tragedy. Had someone gone over simple strip club etiquette with him before that fateful night, Mr. Malcom Shabazz would be alive today and looking forward to enjoying lap dances well into his golden years.

To get the definitive dope on strip club dos and don'ts, I traveled to the pussy equivalent of source Perrier, the best strip club in America, a club that sets the bar for ambiance, customer service and first-class pussy—Larry Flynt's Hustler Club, New York City.

No one's going to beat you to death over a bar tab at this place. It's a safe, upscale environment. "We've created a true gentleman's club," explains the manager, Anthony Mario. "It's more than just a luxuriously decorated space with beautiful women. It's a meeting place, a place to relax or do business—all in a low-key atmosphere."

Blah, blah, blah. It's still a strip joint, which means its focus is vice, specifically the ever popular but expensive combination of alcohol and naked women. Anyone with half a brain connected to a penis knows that you better bring a well-filled wallet if you want to have a good time. In the words of Amber, a drop-dead gorgeous, Hustler Club NYC exotic dancer, "Honey costs money.">>

“MANAGEMENT DEMANDED THAT THEY EITHER PAY UP OR GET THEIR ASSES KICKED—AND THEN PAY UP ANYWAY.”

FOXX

That's rule number one. Here are several more observations all gentleman club patrons should take to heart in order to both maximize their experience and, in the case of "south of the border" excursions, guarantee their continued good health.

Let's start with out-of-country clubs. Protect your balls. That doesn't mean you have to suit up with a steel cup like an NHL goalie. It just means that you need to be aware that chugging a beer and ogling twat in a country where the average wage earner makes two bucks a day is a riskier proposition than enjoying that same experience in New York or Vegas.

Adult destinations in Latin America and Asia have long been known for quality pussy at bargain basement prices—sort of. Shit happens, especially once you're outside of major U.S. cities, so ask questions up front. Clarify the price of that bargain blowjob you thought you negotiated with your high school Spanish before you get too drunk to sort out your final bill. No confused customer wants management settling accounts at the end of the night with a stun gun to his neck. >>

Want to get laid at a strip joint? Well, don't count on it. You'd think that everybody except the Amish knows the following factoid, but they don't. Dancers at strip clubs are entertainers, not hookers. That doesn't mean you can't flirt with the women, hit on them or even offer them cash for potential services. Just don't forget that most strippers deal in the *fantasy* of sex, not the reality. So if penis insertion ain't gonna happen, let it go. If you start acting like a jilted lover to the ladies, be prepared to meet several guys who probably work out a helluva lot more than you do, whose job description is to teach you manners by introducing you to pavement...face first.

Want to talk your heart out? Confess your dreams, your hopes and frustrations to a great listener who happens to be wearing a G-string and glitter makeup on her boobs? Fine. Go ahead. But be aware that even if you've knocked back a half dozen martinis and are now convinced you're cooler than James Bond, your spellbound companion will likely sashay away in her high heels the instant you stop paying for a steady stream of drinks or lap dances.

Why would someone do such a miserable, cunt move? Because of another important, not well understood strip club fact that bears stating. Just like their customers, performers work for a living. Hot, dirty chicks have expenses too. Hair, makeup, costumes, food, phone, gas and electric all cost money; i.e., the ladies' time requires your money.

But what if you find the ideal woman—the one you've been searching for your whole life—right there at the pussy bar? What if, much to your surprise, as you gaze at a closely shaved vagina on a dingy stage, you're hit by a

thunderbolt of love. The woman of your dreams, the one who completes you emotionally, the one who you want to bear your children and grow old with, amazingly happens to be shaking her ass and flashing her pussy for tips at a topless joint near the airport. What's a guy to do?

Nothing. Don't fall for some bullshit scam from a dancer/con artist who says she's falling for you. She's not. She's just good at her job. Which is taking your cash. And please, please, do yourself a favor and don't express genuine, gooey, romantic, affectionate behavior and embarrass yourself. Ladies who work at strip clubs deal in volume. (Think of a club like a Walmart, with the pussies designed to scan dicks.) Strippers don't go gaga over customers who act like love-sick junior prom dates. Don't fixate on someone just because she's grinding her half-naked body on your crotch. Act polite and respectful, not creepy, and maybe you'll get a little extra "outside your jeans" rubbing time thrown in off the clock.

> THE WOMAN OF YOUR DREAMS, THE ONE WHO COMPLETES YOU EMOTIONALLY, HAPPENS TO BE FLASHING HER PUSSY FOR TIPS AT A TOPLESS JOINT.

Strip clubs simply want you to get a hard-on. That's the goal—to make your dick feel good. (Remember, that's feel *good*, not *great*.) So once you're hard and horny, mellow out, sip your drink and enjoy the up close and personal majestic scenery of nearly naked, beautiful babes.

As Amber from the Hustler Club wisely observes, "All the customer has to do is relax. We'll do the rest. Just don't forget the money." H

"Why you gotta go out and spend good money at a strip club, when I can strip for you right here at home?"

"The nominations for best actress who survived an interracial anal gangbang are..."

ALYSSA BRANCH

FRESH CREAM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I love sticky stuff. You know when you get out of the shower and you're a little bit slick down there? I'll just sit in my towel and stroke and pull my labia. Now I'm the only girl in the porn industry who can tie her pussy lips in a knot! I can't fake orgasm. I've tried. But how can you fake your legs quivering, your vagina contracting and all those juices flowing? I like to get loud and just go at it."

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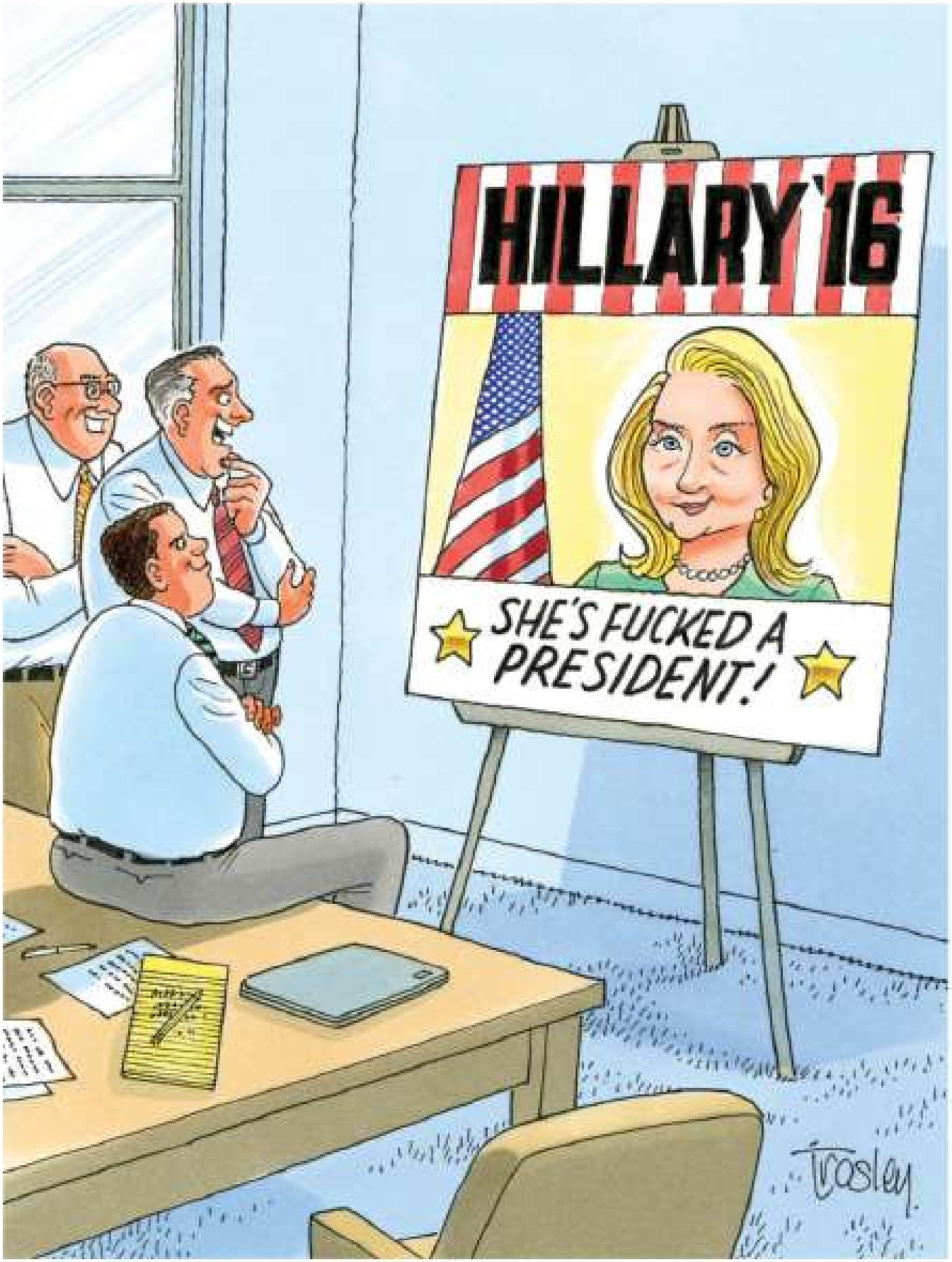

"I like it!"

SARAH
HUNTER
CAUGHT IN THE ACT
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
VICTOR LIGHTWORSHIP

I once had a fivesome with my friend, her boyfriend and two other models. We were all hanging out talking about our sexual experiences, and one thing just led to another. Surprisingly, no alcohol was involved. I don't regret a single sexual experience, and I'm not ashamed of anything I've done. There was this one exhibitionist phase where I loved fucking in public—playgrounds, parking garages, outdoor swimming pools. It was such a turn-on coming so close to being caught. The neighbors never seemed to catch on."

SARAH'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **I'm an Army brat** | AGE: **28** | HEIGHT: **5-4** | MEASUREMENTS: **32DD-24-36**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Gentlemen's choice** | TWITTER, TUMBLR, INSTAGRAM: **@MsSarahHunter**

RYAN
RYANS
HOME RUN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

The first time I attempted a threesome, I was so nervous that I got wasted and fell asleep on the bathroom floor. The girl and my now-ex went right on and hooked up without me. Another time, this guy I dated passed out right in the middle of us having sex, with his head down and ass in the air." The blond stunner's biggest fantasy is to have sex on the field of Yankee Stadium with Derek Jeter. But those who aren't professional ballplayers, take heart: "I'm way more attracted to personality than looks. If you're funny, caring and slightly dominant, that really turns me on."

RYAN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Orlando, Florida** | AGE: **24** | HEIGHT: **5-6** | MEASUREMENTS: **34C-24-33**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy** | TWITTER: **@MissRyanRyans**

Let's play!
xoxo,
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telling Hugh Jackman to go to Room 1. There he saw a huge wild boar, and the voice said, "Mr. Jackman, you have sinned and must spend eternity with this swine."

Daniel Craig was then sent to Room 2, where he found a rabid rottweiler waiting. The voice declared, "Mr. Craig, you have sinned and must spend eternity with this mad dog!"

Next Gary Busey was directed to Room 3, where to his great delight he gazed upon the beautiful Olivia Wilde.

The voice bellowed, "Ms. Wilde, you have sinned."

Drinks are on me," announced a 70-year-old millionaire to his friends in a country club bar. "I'm getting married to an 18-year-old lingerie model tomorrow!"

"I know you've got money," said another club member. "But even so, how did you manage to get such a gorgeous, young girl to marry a guy your age?"

"I told her I was 95."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-busting lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLERHUMOR@*.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!

A newspaper reporter visited a local couple celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary to ask about the secret to their long and happy marriage. The husband confided, "Well, I'd say it dates back to our honeymoon. We rode by horse to the bottom of the Grand Canyon, but we hadn't gone too far when my wife's horse stumbled. My wife stared at the horse and said quietly, 'That's once.' A little farther down the trail her horse stumbled again, and this time she nearly fell off. 'That's twice,' she muttered. Half a mile more, and the horse tripped for the third time. My new bride climbed down from the horse, calmly removed a revolver from her purse and shot the animal dead.

"'What the hell is wrong with you, woman?' I shouted. 'Why did you shoot that poor horse like that? Are you fucking insane?'

"My wife just stared at me and said quietly, 'That's once.' And since then we've been happily married."

Question: What do you call six lawyers lying on a lawn?

Answer: Fertilizer.

In tears, Mary Clancy went up to Father O'Grady after his Sunday morning service.

"Oh, Father, I've got just awful news! My husband passed away last night."

"I'm so sorry, Mary. That's terrible. Tell me, my dear, did he have any last requests?"

"That he did."

The priest put his arm around Mary. "And what did he ask for, my child?"

"He said, 'Mary, please! Put down that damn gun!'"

Question: Why is whiskey such a popular drink?

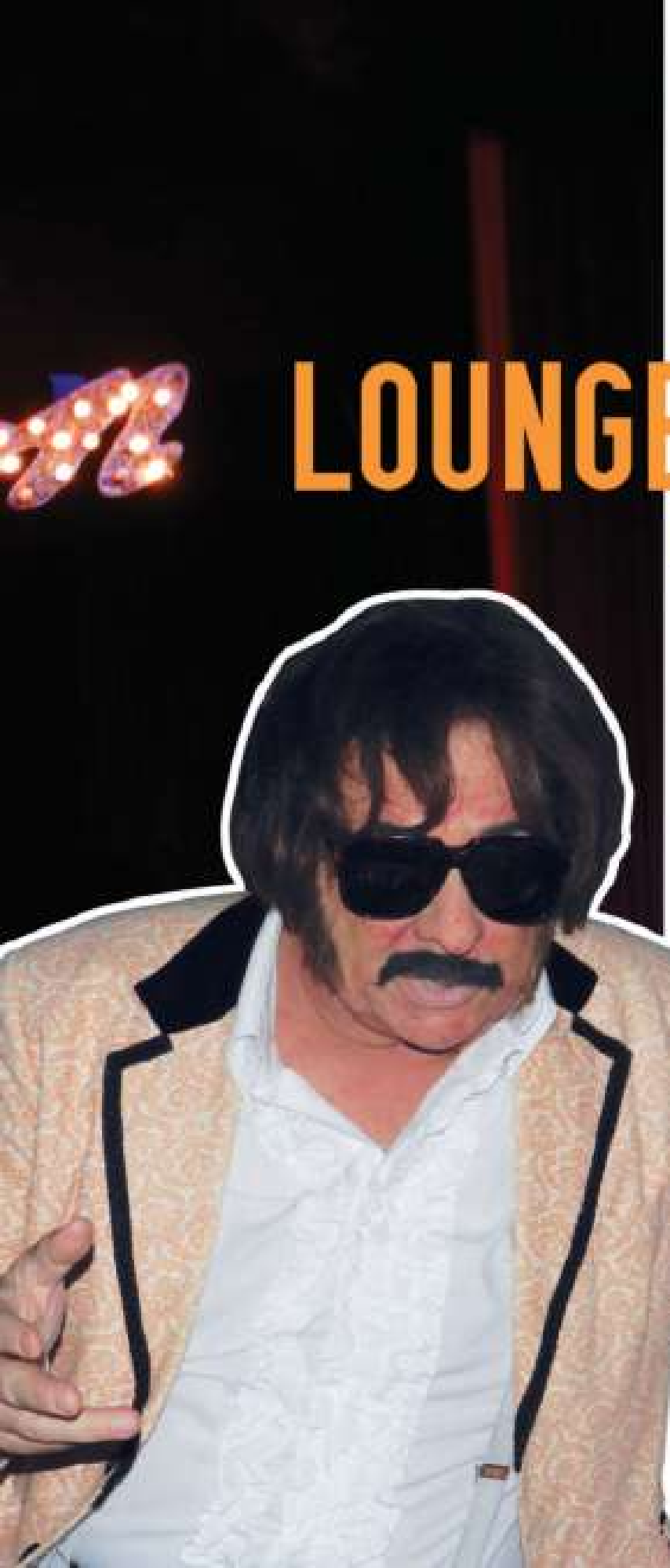
Answer: It makes you see double and feel single.

After perishing in a tragic accident, four celebrities appeared in St. Peter's waiting room. A booming voice came over the intercom

"Dad, I've got a question about sex: When Uncle Freddie does my butt, can I get pregnant?"

"Till death do us part...or you become a fat, ugly bitch, whichever comes first."

Four Tops
nord
electro 3



LOUNGE LIZARD EXTRAORDINAIRE

The King of Bad Taste

tells us why political correctness sucks, why Andy Kaufman will come back (even though he's dead), why hookers need to be inspected (by him) and why Tony, just in general, doesn't give a shit.

INTERVIEW BY KEITH VALCOURT
PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY DAVE KAPP

It's late at night on Hollywood's Sunset Strip, and a surly figure in a cheap tuxedo is slumped in the back booth of the Comedy Store nightclub, nursing a glass of Jack Daniel's. In a couple of hours he'll take the stage and unleash a barrage of offensive jokes, nasally croon renditions of cheesy '70s hits like "Rhinestone Cowboy" and ham it up with a bevy of burlesque tarts. That man is none other than self-proclaimed International Singing Sensation Tony Clifton.

Who the fuck is Tony Clifton? Isn't he dead? Good questions, but not so easy to answer. Tony Clifton was the sleazy alter ego of notorious prankster comic Andy Kaufman, who died (allegedly) in 1984. Clifton has since been played by Kaufman's best friend Bob Zmuda, as well as Jim Carrey and Paul Giamatti in the Kaufman biopic *Man on the Moon*. But this lounge-singer train wreck claims to be the real deal, the original Tony Clifton. Who you gonna believe? >>

"A lot of people come up to me. Unless you're a hot chick with nice titties, I'm not going to fucking remember you."

HUSTLER: Why does everyone think Tony Clifton is a character created by Andy Kaufman?

TONY CLIFTON: It all goes back to 1969. Kaufman, the pimply little Jewish kid, went to Las Vegas to try to meet his idol Elvis Presley. He ended up wandering down to Fremont Street in old Las Vegas. He walked into a club and saw me. My greatness blew him away. Kaufman wasn't famous at the time. Two years later, when he hit, he started doing an impression of me. So here's where the idea came about that I was a fictional character. Something Kaufman dreamed up? No! He saw me, the real guy, and started doing an impression. It's like they say, imitation is the highest form of flattery.

How did you end up opening for him at Carnegie Hall in New York?

At first I didn't know about it. I was still in Las Vegas, and a couple of people came up and said, "I hear you're playing Carnegie Hall. You're opening for Andy Kaufman." I didn't even know who the fuck Kaufman was. I did some research and found out Kaufman was represented by a guy named George Shapiro. If you saw the movie *Man on the Moon*, George Shapiro was played by that midget.

Danny DeVito?

Yeah, the midget DeVito. He's a legal midget in eight states. So I contacted the real George Shapiro. He didn't want to take my calls, kept dodging me. I was standing at a pay phone putting the coins in, and I could hear Shapiro and his secretary laughing in the background. What the fuck?! Maybe they thought it was Kaufman playing a joke. So I got myself a Jew lawyer. That's what you gotta do. Jew against Jew. Sheeny bastard against sheeny bastard. They thought I was gonna sue. I said, "I don't want to sue anybody! Just use me for the show! I'm a performer. Kaufman saw me."

Where did you first meet Kaufman?

Carnegie Hall. He said he introduced himself to me years before when he came to my show at that club on Fremont Street in old Las Vegas, but I don't remember the kid. A lot of people come up to me. Unless you're a hot chick with nice titties, I'm not going to fucking remember you. At Carnegie Hall, Kaufman came up to me. He was very nice. He apologized. We did a number together.

At that show he hatched this plan. He said, "Listen, I want to book you on things, and people will think you are me." What the fuck did I care? "What's it fucking pay?!" was all I needed to know. Kaufman was screwy. He liked screwing with people's heads. It was me on *David Letterman*. Go to YouTube and look up that clip from 31 years ago, and you'll see it's the same fucking guy. Me!

"I'm also going after the wetbacks, the Jews—those sheeny bastards—the dumb Polacks. I don't give a shit."

They would have eventually realized I'm not Kaufman, but then the fucking cat dies. Or fakes his death. I'm not sure what the fuck happened. When he died or supposedly died, the shit hit the fan. I couldn't perform anymore. When I went onstage, people kept shouting, "You're Andy Kaufman! Admit it!"

I said, "You wanna see Andy Kaufman? Get yourself a shovel!"

You said Kaufman faked his death? Now you say he's dead. Which is it?

Lynne Margulies, who was Kaufman's girlfriend, said he talked to her and his manager and his friends about faking his death. He thought it would be the biggest prank of all time. He told her that if he were to fake his death, he would stay away for 30 years because a year or two would be bullshit.

If Kaufman shows up, what will you say to him?

I'd say that's a helluva prank to pull! I'll tell ya, if anybody could do it, it would be him. He had balls. The things he had me do. I went on *Letterman* three times. And every time David, that asshole, thought I was Kaufman. The last time David turned to me in a commercial break and said, "Andy, if I didn't know it was you, I would swear it was somebody else." And he laughed. I couldn't say anything. I was sworn to secrecy. When we did *Man on the Moon*, Jim Carrey asked Letterman how he felt years later knowing that Kaufman and I had bamboozled him. He wasn't happy about it.

What's your show like these days?

You know me. I'm always on the prowl for new bitches. The girls in the show are all new. The band is all new except for a couple of niggers I got from New Orleans. I'm a Chicago boy; we use the word *nigger* freely there.

You use that word in front of the band?

Sure I do. I'm paying them. That's how I talk. I don't bullshit. People make-believe it's not politically correct. I don't buy into that. Nobody employs more fucking jungle bunnies than me! They are great horn players.

How can you get away with racial slurs when people like Michael Richards and Daniel Tosh have to apologize?

Did Tosh apologize? Then he's stupid! I don't know why he would. As part of my show, we do a tribute to Michael Richards. This is really trailblazing. [*During the show Clifton has the entire audience stand up and scream "Nigger!" five times. Surprisingly, most of the crowd do it gladly. He then tells them they have been videotaped, and he will remove them from the video for 50 bucks.*] Enough is enough with this PC stuff. It's all bullshit anyway. I don't give a shit. I don't go along with trends. I never fucking did.

Does the audience ever get offended?

Some of them do. Some boyfriends like to bring their girls. Maybe they are planning on breaking up with them or something. But if they hang around long enough, they see that I'm not just pointing to the fucking jiggaboos. I'm also going after the wetbacks, the Jews—those sheeny bastards—the dumb Polacks. I don't give a shit. Call me a selfish motherfucker, but I just do what I do. One critic said, "Tony Clifton says things that Howard Stern wouldn't dare say." >>

"They bring the young new girls in, and Uncle Tony is the first one to make sure she does it right... Make sure she knows how to give a blowjob correctly."

Are you a HUSTLER fan?

I have always been a big fucking fan of Larry Flynt and what he has been able to do. I like Hefner, but Larry is the real deal. And we have mutual friends in Dennis Hof from the Moonlite BunnyRanch. A fine establishment. I've known the girls for years. Dennis even has a suite there with my name on it. I'm kind of the "Inspector General" there. They bring the young new girls in, and Uncle Tony is the first one to make sure she does it right. I give her the check to make sure there's no disease. Make sure she knows how to give a blowjob correctly. Fucking right! Then I pass the information on to Dennis.

Who's better in bed, groupies or BunnyRanch girls?

BunnyRanch girls. Because they're pros. Charlie Sheen had the greatest line ever. He said, "I don't pay a prostitute for sex. I pay her to leave." That should be chiseled in stone. A groupie? Yeah, the sex is good, and you don't have to pay for it. But you can't shake 'em. Sometimes groupies are a bit too filthy. I used to have a pre-show ritual that I learned from Pavarotti. All the great opera singers do it. Their groupies would give them blowjobs before the shows so they would be relaxed more. Good for the voice. The more relaxed you are, the better you're gonna sing.

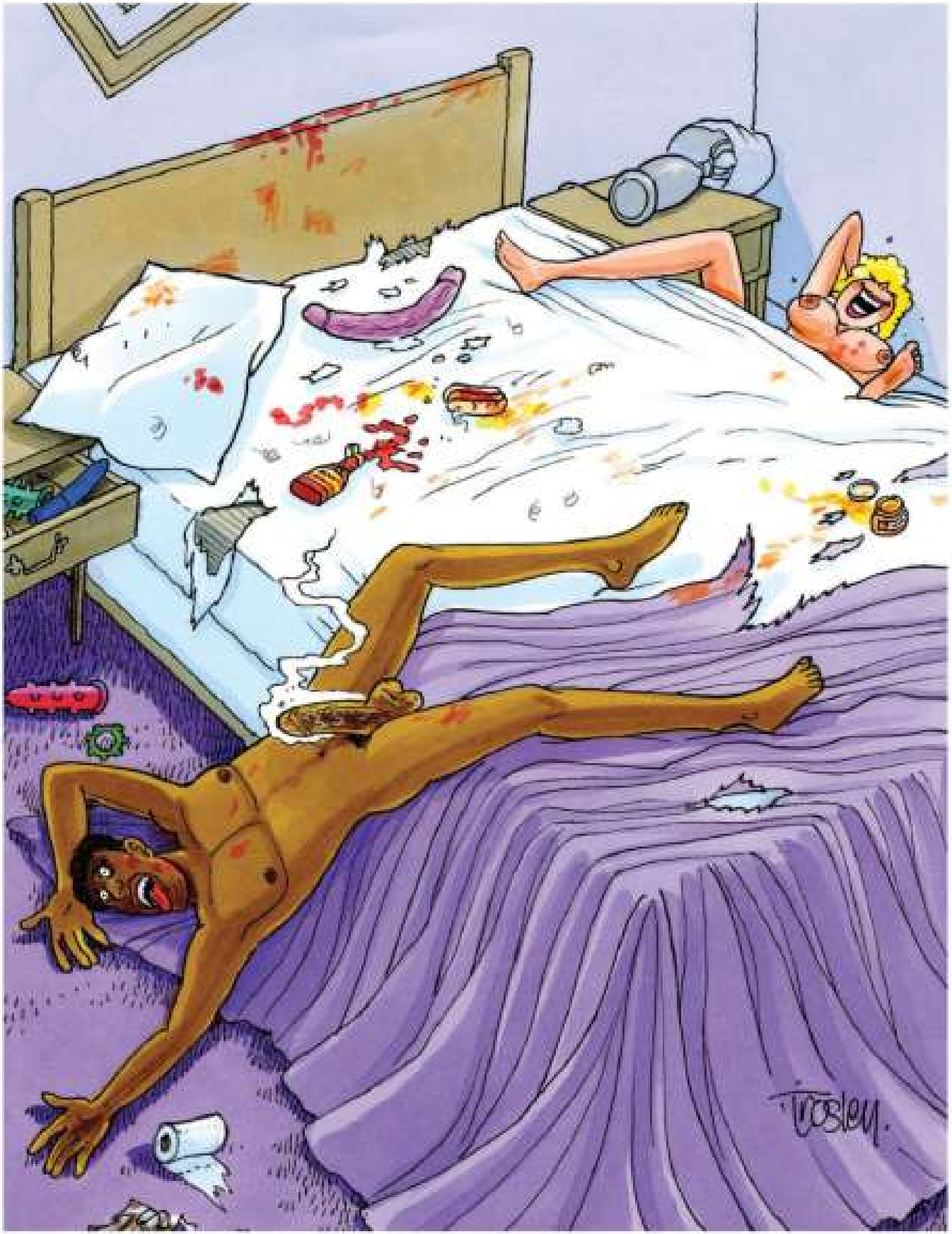
Got any advice on how to get laid?

Women usually chase me because I've got the celebrity thing going. I see women who nor-

mally wouldn't fuck a stranger, but then they see you onstage and will give it up right away. I know women who won't fuck niggers, but when they watch the way my niggers blow their horns onstage, they blow them after the show. Guys, wanna get laid? Get famous! Or just go to the BunnyRanch and pay for it!

For more on the King of Bad Taste and the madness of Kaufman, check out Comic Relief founder Bob Zmuda's new book Andy Kaufman: The Truth, Finally, *cowritten with Lynne Margulies.*

I LIKE TO GET FEEDBACK FROM MY CUSTOMERS, SO, HOW WAS I AND HOW DID YOU LIKE THE PUSSY?
I'VE ONLY GOT ONE THING TO SAY, DON'T QUIT YOUR DAY JOB.
WINNER



"That was filthy, disgusting and unbelievably perverted!
How soon can you get it up again?!"

LARRY FLYNT'S

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MILF BANGED #2

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: KEVIN MOORE. STARRING: INDIA SUMMER, KELLY DIAMOND, MONIQUE ALEXANDER, JULIA ANN, SARA LUVV, SARAH JESSIE, NIKKI BENZ, ALINA LI, JESSY JONES, TYLER NIXON, CLOVER, JAKE TAYLOR & MR. PETE.

If you wanna fuck my daughter, you better fuck me too! What mom hasn't said that? As India Summer ably demonstrates in this ultra-educational movie, a mom's job is to comfort her spawn's spurned boyfriends, then reunite those crazy kids with a stupid-hot incestuous threeway! Who says family values are dead? India and Kelly are ball-drainers, but Monique Alexander's seduction of her daughter's dude reminds us that real cum-sucking fuckability never fades. Creaming Monique is easy; topping her not so. But veteran vagina Julia Ann and her pussylapping offspring Sara Luvv give it a good, whack-worthy try. Hold your load, though, for the lovely, lived-in labia of gym rat Sarah Jessie, followed by a scorcher with Nikki Benz and a fuckdoll who probably has no idea she's in the presence of porn royalty. Stocked with ageless hardcore legends, *MILF Banged #2* ends up being more that the sum of its private parts. Youth may be dick's natural Viagra, but for true satisfaction, nothing beats experience.

—Mark Johnson

JULIA ANN
& SARA LUV

AVA TAYLOR

BARELY LEGAL #143

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: KENDALL WHITE, STEVIE SHAE, CAMERON CANADA, CARTER CRUISE, AVA TAYLOR, MARCO BANDERAS, EVAN STONE, MARK ZANE, RICHIE CALHOUN & BILLY GLIDE.

If you've seen one *Barely Legal* flick, you have NOT seen them all! This one starts out deliciously trashy, with girls who look like they were scooped out of the local trailer park. (We mean that in a nice way.) Kendall White, though, is the real discovery here. She's got some genuine good looks and an unforced way of acting as though she might actually be enjoying it—that is, if you can tell in the murky natural lighting. This movie's other gem is one of our faves: Ava Taylor, who you've seen glorify HUSTLER's pages in our August and November '14 issues. Striking the right *Barely Legal* blend of awkward and aroused, Ava shines through this installment's raw, point-and-shoot production values. And here's an extra factoid to make your viewing experience weirder: The dude in the last scene fucking Carter Cruise is none other than the late Billy Glide. He's the guy who supposedly thought he was badass enough to survive a rattlesnake bite. Turns out his true croak cause probably came in pill form. R.I.P., Mr. Glide. To order *Barely Legal #143*, call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—M.J.**

STEVIE SHAE

CAMERON CANADA

KENDALL WHITE

CARTER CRUISE

ELAINA PAGE

KATIE ST. IVES

ATTENTION WHORES

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: ANIKKA ALBRITE, ELAINA PAGE, VICTORIA LOVE, KENDALL KARSON, KATIE ST. IVES, TOMMY GUNN, ANTHONY ROSANO, EVAN STONE, JOHNNY SINS & TOMMY PISTOL.

Why do the hottest chicks—who have to do less than zero to get attention—crave it the most? It's a deep psychological mystery (well, maybe not that deep). What matters is that this particular addiction will make a girl take a random load in the face just to feel less invisible. (Yep, that's the sad, slutty world we live in.) The five approval-hungry asses on this disc do a decent job of grabbing your attention—not to mention every dick within reach. Trashy bleach-blond Anikka, who's in jail for some unexplained reason (being a pubic nuisance?) gets the whoring started with a conjugal, cunt-stuffing visit. The second scene is basically the first one all over again with a different name. (Let's stay awake out there, porn editors!) Enter the brunettes to save the day. If attentiveness is measured in total cum volume, the final trio are headed for an overdose, with Katie St. Ives—the relative veteran in the lineup—righteously stepping in for the finale. Katie just barely saves the flick from being a standard distraction. You won't fall in love with this one, but let's face it: That's the worst thing you could do with an attention whore anyway.

—M.J.

ANIKKA ALBRITE

KENDALL KARSON

VICTORIA LOVE

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"I'm up for anything that seems like it will be fun, so I'm totally up for fucking. I like it rough. I used to be shy, but now I like saying the word *cock* while I'm doing it. I really enjoy giving head. Even when the cameras aren't on, I give blowjobs as if they were. It's like my mouth is the center of everything. I get really sloppy with it. The great thing about swallowing cum is that there's protein in it. If I could, I'd eat it all day, which I guess makes me very sexually healthy."

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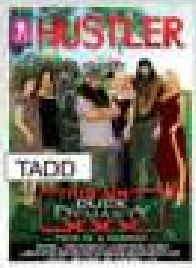

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LULA

"I like pretty much anything to do with being naked, sex most of all," admits Lula, 19, an "outgoing" cook from Tulsa, Oklahoma, who's testing the risqué-modeling waters with resolve: "I want to be damn good at this!" she emphasizes. Lula's also a damn good ukelele player and pianist, but when feeling amorously playful, she doesn't always yearn for a penis. "I love doggy fucking, eating pussy and masturbating," Lula reveals along with a nasty fancy that many gals disdain. "I love anal sex," the 5-foot-3 piercing aficionada asserts. "I have my best orgasms when I'm being fucked in the ass while a girl is sitting on my face." While sitting in front of a TV, Lula soaks up *Psych*, *The L Word* and *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*, but what really psychs her up is being a horny hostess: "I like to invite all my girlfriends over for a nude party and lesbian orgy." —*Photos by Kickback Productions*

"My fantasy is being trapped somewhere with a guy who fucks me senseless while we're waiting to be rescued."

CRYSTAL JON

"I'm too naughty and adventurous to stay at a job where you must wear clothing and behave yourself," reckons Crystal Jon, 35, from Winslow, Arizona. "I've had a bunch of them. I even worked on a farm one summer and was an assistant coordinator for a chamber of commerce. But I've never experienced such a sense of achievement as I do providing my services at Love Ranch North." That's one of Dennis Hof's legal brothels in Nevada, and here's what's cookin' when Crystal welcomes guests to her chamber of instant comeraderie: "My favorite way to please a guy is giving him a blowjob. I'm very good. I've been told I could win any contest I entered." We believe the 5-foot-2 fellatio whiz could hold her own in a Lauren Bacall lookalike contest. Cast as sultry Marie "Slim" Browning in the 1944 classic *To Have and Have Not*, Bacall coos, "Just put your lips together and blow." The legendary line was scripted as a whistling lesson for Humphrey Bogart's character, but there's been decades of debate: Did director Howard Hawks find a way to skirt the era's strict censorship code? Was Slim subtly touting her oral prowess? Crystal, a fervent Seattle Seahawks fan whose fave flick is *Thelma & Louise*, abides by her own cinematic code of conduct: "It's tough for a guy to watch a movie with me because I usually end up on my knees about ten minutes into it and riding his dick in about 20." —*Photos by John Cole*

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MICKEY

This "nice and sweet" nail tech from Wailuku, Hawaii, will be turning 19 in April, so *Beaver Hunt* peepers may wanna do more than sing "Happy Birthday" as she bares the whole kit and caboodle. Mickey has definitely nailed it as a first-time skin-mag model. "Posing nude seemed like a fun way to earn some money," notes the 5-foot-6 Aloha Stater, whose pastimes include drawing anime art, watching *Bates Motel* and *Grey's Anatomy* and listening to her favorite bands—We Are Harlot (led by her dream dude Danny Worsnop) and Black Tide. Mickey's always up for being a harlot, but we especially admire a chick who digs dick in off-the-wall places. "I had sex with my ex-boyfriend in the back of a theater once," Mickey elaborates. Alas, the sweetie's newest kick forgoes male rockers and tone-deaf Romeos. "Girl-on-girl sex is my pixie dust," Mickey marvels. —*Photos by Mahalos Chuck*

LANAI

"I am very romantic, passionate and mysterious," professes Lanai, 46, who was born in Tahiti and has lived in Texas most of her life. "I am always happy, and I like trying different things. I was married to a man, and now I'm dating a wonderful woman who makes me feel seductive and beautiful. I used to be a topless dancer, and now I have a normal day job. I like to hike, ride bicycles, camp, fish, hunt and swim. Let's just say I'm an outdoorsy woman. My first time experiencing sex was on a picnic table at a lake." The 5-foot-3 Waco resident is ballsy too. "My favorite sports are Roller Derby and ice hockey," Lanai explains. "I like putting on skates and knocking opponents on their butts." However, she relishes being knocked head over heels if sexual gratification is the goal. "What I love the most," Lanai confides, "is being licked and sucked to the point of me squirting so much that I am drenched, my partner is drenched, and the bed is soaked from my cum."

—Photos by Ron Neumann

CASSIE

Majestically thrusting herself into our latest coozefest is Cassie, 22, a recent college grad from Santa Cruz, California. "I thought it would be fun and something different," she reflects. Her career aspiration is certainly different. "I want to be an enema nurse," states the 5-foot-3 greenhorn model, whose leisure-time activities include going to the beach and watching *Law & Order* and *America's Got Talent*. But her pet pastime is being cornholed. "I just got into anal," Cassie gushes. "I was afraid to try it. Now I love it. My orgasms are super awesome when I finger my clit as I get fucked in the ass." Cassie is raring for bliss just about anywhere, sometimes as a talented distraction: "I love to give a guy head while we're watching TV." She's also a mobile lass: "I had sex in a movie theater. I jumped on top of my boyfriend and rode him cowgirl." Before writhing off into the sunset, Cassie gleefully discloses, "A double pen by two guys isn't a fantasy anymore!" —*Photos by Friend*

"I've been double-penetrated, veejay and ass, but I'd like a third lollipop in my mouth next time!"

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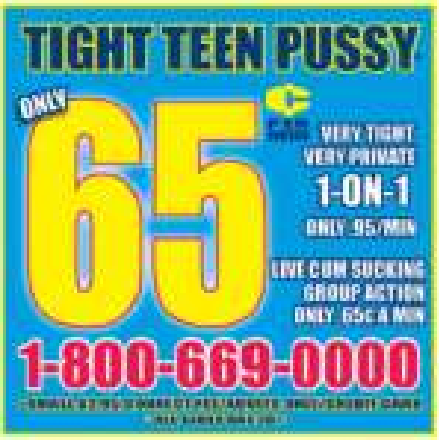
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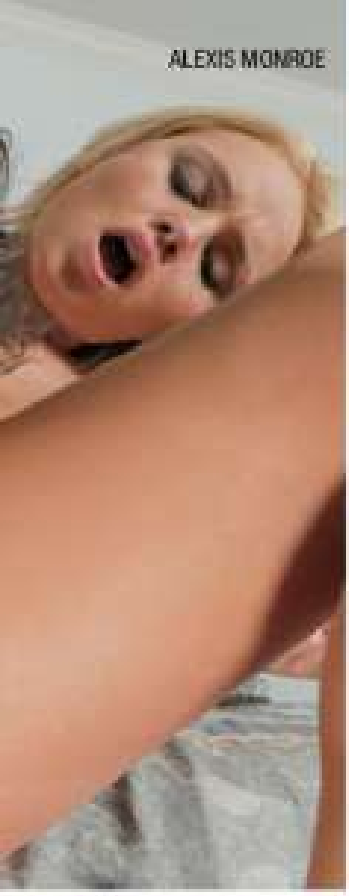
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